

Children's Newspaper, June 15, 1940

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE MIRACLE Answer to Prayer That Held the World Spellbound

ON the last Sunday in May, when our countryside was looking like the Gate of Heaven, the King and his people, conscious that the darkest hour in our history had come, knelt in prayer to God.

It was the beginning of the blackest week in all our thousand years, fear and dismay mingling with poignant courage in the heart of every man.

But as long as the world lasts it will be remembered that the week which began with the nation on its knees ended with the nation lifted up, its spirit fortified, its faith strengthened, every man's heart beating high. Out of the depths had come a new hope for the world, out of the darkness a great light.

Those who will not believe in miracles, let them think of that. Those who will not believe in prayer, let them think of this answer to prayer that has held the whole world spellbound.

THE spectacle at which the world wondered was the miraculous saving of nearly 350,000 men who were threatened with extinction.

The ruthless hordes that know no mercy, and seek to enslave the human race, were thundering across Belgium and France, and a bridge which should have been blown up had been left open, giving them a pathway to the sea. The British Expeditionary Force, with the French on their right and the Belgians on their left, were holding them back, when, in the stillness of the night, the King of the Belgians betrayed his people and ordered his troops to lay down their arms.

Outnumbered

The B.E.F. and their French allies were exposed to a force more than twice as great, outnumbered by tanks, outnumbered by planes and bombs, hemmed in between the German hordes and, with the sea behind them, the poor little port of Dunkirk. It is not much of a harbour, taking only a few small ships and giving the British Navy little chance to help. Calais and Boulogne on one hand, Ostend and Zeebrugge on the other, had fallen, and the

shallow waters of Dunkirk were the only way of escape if these weary men could reach the sea.

It seemed inevitable that the mighty German army would swallow them up. Their wireless announced to the world that this British and French Army was approaching annihilation. Our Prime Minister spoke grave words to Parliament of the victory that lay before us through grief and disaster. The King sent a moving message to our hard-pressed men, thanking them for valour unsurpassed in the annals of our armies, and, though their brave answer came back from Lord Gort, there were some who must have felt that it seemed like the words of the gladiators passing Caesar on their way to the arena. *We who are about to die salute you.*

But they were not about to die. By one of the most heroic achievements in the annals of mankind they live, the vast majority of them unbeaten and undaunted, ready to win the last great fight for human freedom.

All the force the Germans could command was flung against them, regardless of the cost in life, but this gallant host fought on. They fought through the day and through the night,

through the next day and through the next night; they fought for days without rest or sleep to keep the Germans from Dunkirk and allow their comrades to reach the sea. They fought a retreating battle, hemmed in by the most hideous forces on the face of the earth, and as they fought they moved slowly back towards Dunkirk.

There, in shallow waters with mines and sandbanks to contend with, with great guns firing and bombs falling like rain, was seen a marvellous sight, the Allied Navies, aided by vessels of all shapes and sizes, fishing-boats and motor-boats and such bigger ships as could make their way into the port, were coming for these soldiers of civilisation. Every kind of craft seemed to be there, and in the sky were the German planes dropping hundreds of bombs.

The Great Deliverance

At home we heard the guns, and sitting in our gardens in Kent we saw the flying squadrons come and go—go to fight a pitiless foe, come with our exhausted heroes whose bodies could stand no more but whose spirit lives to fight again. It was thrilling to look up and see them pass in the sky, we sitting on a lawn with the loveliness of England all about us, they moving to or from a hell upon the earth. We are in the Valley of the Shadow, and dark days will come again, but the last week in May will live for ever in our island story. Naseby, Dunbar, Waterloo, were nothing to Dunkirk. For us it was the turning of the tide, the uplifting of the human spirit, and never again can we despair of the final triumph of our cause.

As for those who felt that their comrades might come home again, their names shine like the stars. As for all who died that we may live, they are clothed in glory and immortality. As for those of us who remain, we lift up our hearts in thankfulness that this great deliverance has been vouchsafed to us. God is our refuge and strength; therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

THE MEN WHO HELD THE PASS

FOR there was no quiet, no rest by night or day. The roar of German planes, the crash of bomb and shell, was ever in their ears. Stolidly they endured. Hunger and thirst and an intolerable longing for sleep assailed them, but fear never. In the extremity of their peril their hearts never sank, their eyes never quailed, their hands never failed, wherever a fighting man was wanted. Shoulder to shoulder with their French brothers in arms they fought while body and spirit held together against an enemy massed in overwhelming force, and armed with guns and tanks and planes incomparably heavier than their own.

In heroism and fighting spirit they could not be matched by the enemy; they were out-matched by the superiority of the enemy's mechanised weapons, and by that alone. Had the German army been the thing it boasts of being it should have driven the Allied forces to destruction. They could not, for the Allies have a power the Germans do not know. In their retreat they have created for the B.E.F. the monument of another Verdun, a new Thermopylae.

When can their glory fade? Never; and this is not the answer made alone by their countrymen, who followed their trial every hour and every

minute of the day and night with an almost unendurable anxiety. It is the answer made by the whole free civilised world. The sound of the conflict echoed through the earth. America hears, and from that distant sanctuary came the answer that every British soul will proudly give.

"The struggle in Flanders," said the New York Times, "has become an epic of bravery and endurance. The British and French are living up to their finest military traditions. Those who survive will bring back stories of heroism that will live as long as bravery is honoured."

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TO THE KING

SIRE, we have looked on many and mighty things
In these eight hundred summers of renown
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex kings
On Hastings Field went down. . .
Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are. . .
Proud from the ages are we come, O King;
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now
So many dawns and sunsets on her brow,
This duteous heart we bring.

William Watson

It All Depends On Me



Behind our fighting men stands the whole nation, the man in the forge, the woman in the home, men and women, boys and girls, everywhere. It all depends on you.

Poor, Old, But Carrying On

It is a great pleasure to receive this note from a popular Methodist Minister in Bradford.

DEAR MR EDITOR, Living in a vulnerable area and sharing the ever-changing emotions of my fellows (sometimes hopeful, sometimes less so), I am today "on top."

I have just come from the Town Library, where I saw an interesting elderly man. He is poor and unemployed, lives in a lodging-house, has no friends, and yet as he speaks to you his eye sparkles. He has found a great joy in teaching himself Pitman's Shorthand. He tells me that time never lags. He is now almost proficient.

Another elderly man I met in a big town nearby. He is nearly 70 years of age. He has led a very busy life as an ordinary working man, and has now taken up the study of New Testament Greek because, as he says, "I would like to read the Gospel in the original tongue before I die."

Yours sincerely, HUGH A. ROBERTS

THE MEN WHO HELD THE PASS

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among men. Those who never return will have left a memory that will inspire the Allied peoples for generations." "These are soldiers of civilisation," said another New York paper, "losing their own dire battles, but in so doing enrolling themselves imperishably among those who will yet save by their suffering everything which makes civilised life of value."

To us who have followed week by week the deeds of our sons and brothers in France, the stories of individual heroism have uplifted us in the midst of our sorrow for the fallen with a fierce joy in the courageous splendour of our race. Who can but thrill at the manifold deeds of daring of our airmen? As day followed day, the tale of one day's skillful defiance was eclipsed by that of the next. Though outnumbered they were never outfought. While the B.E.F. was fighting its way to the coast and to the shelter of the Navy-guarded sea, the shield of the airmen was held over ships and men. Our airmen are unequalled in the sky. Never has been known a fighting force such as the R.A.F.

These Gave Their Lives

Who can forget the story of the bridge over the Meuse left open by some incredible carelessness so that the enemy could reach Dunkirk? Its possession by the Germans led to all the troubles of the Allies, and it was necessary to break it down. A squadron of the R.A.F. was summoned, and volunteers were called for. All the pilots stepped forward and their names were put in a hat and drawn.

Four crews went out in the darkness, and one man came back, but the bridge was down.

It was all in the night's work. Night and day the German bombers mowed down the pitiful procession of refugees, women and little children, and all night the R.A.F. destroyed military transports, trains, railways, and

reinforcements. Their fighters, the light cavalry of the air, went with them and above them. "I am a blunt and brutal man," said a French General, "but for me the R.A.F. are a sheaf of flowers. The pilots have courage without limit and fight on as if they saw nothing but the black cross of the swastika before their eyes."

The Dunkirk Epic

The deeds of shame of that black cross are enough to break the human heart and flood the earth with tears, but they will be avenged. Our matchless soldiers, our marvellous airmen, and our never-failing navy have shown at Dunkirk what they can do together.

Calais, defended to the death, and Boulogne having been lost, Dunkirk was fortified, and the low lands round it flooded, as our hard-pressed men came in sight of their haven.

We do right to dwell with pride and thankfulness on the individual feats of arms which have shone like points of light on the dark background of this struggle. We do so because they tell of the unconquerable fibre of our army, which for so long, and in such extremity of peril, held up the German Plan.

Their stubbornness staved off any decisive blow. Their valour gave General Weygand the precious time to build his defences from the Maginot Line to the sea, and saved France from the worst dangers of the onrush, and ourselves from a disaster hard to retrieve.

Honour to the undaunted survivors. Honour to the unreturning brave who live for evermore. When God has a hard thing to do, says Milton, He tells it first to His Englishman. Once more His Englishmen (with their brothers of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and France) have done a hard thing for the Kingdom, and they live eternally in the hearts of their countrymen, and of freedom-loving people to the ends of the earth.

London Pride

LONDON is a wondrous place, set in a wondrous scene.

One morning, when the war news was very grave, a C.N. reader stood four miles from Charing Cross listening to thrushes and blackbirds chanting with delight, with the cuckoo trumpeting a mellow accompaniment.

The setting of the scene was idyllic, a picture a rural garden could hardly excel. A giant chestnut, still bearing the outlines of its myriad candelabra, seemed to be holding whispered communion with an oak that was already a veteran when Nelson was thwarting Napoleon as we shall thwart Hitler.

One face of the house was a shimmering haze of wistaria; round the corner was a lusty grape vine. The garden borders flamed with

peonies, roses, lupins, larkspurs, and other glories; strawberry blossom, hastening towards fruit, still helped to swell the hoard of the bees hived on the lawn; while figs as big as walnuts, and peaches promising to bring their green harvest of fruit to perfection, fitted into the scene. We could not help thinking, as we stood in this doctor's garden in Dulwich Village, of the days when strawberries grew in Holborn.

This is London just beyond the four-mile radius. Truly it is not alone its civic, military, and financial traditions that London preserves from the past; it retains its gardens and its natural glory equally with the invincible spirit no foreign foe can intimidate or quench.

After 300 Years

GREENWICH, a beautiful town in Connecticut, is celebrating the 300th anniversary of its founding this month and is receiving greeting from the famous English Greenwich.

The Mayor of Greenwich, the Astronomer-Royal, the Captain of the Naval College, and Canon Money, the rural dean, are among those who are sending greetings. Two little books have accompanied these remembrances, one a description of the borough by Colonel

Matthews, a mayor who was also an antiquarian, and the other a record of all the churches in Greenwich and Deptford (which is included in the Deanery).

From these books the citizens of Greenwich in Connecticut will learn something of the ancient history of the town by the Thames—that Henry the Eighth was baptised in its parish church, and General Wolfe was brought here from the Plains of Abraham.

Little News Reels

General Ironside has organised for home defence hundreds of mobile units to be called Ironsides, sending to each man Cromwell's words on Danger, quoted in last week's C.N.

The entrance to the Bruges Canal at Zeebrugge has been completely blocked by vessels filled with concrete.

A man walking into the office of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund the other day left £1400 in notes and forgot to give his name.

Frau Dollfuss, the widow of the Austrian Chancellor murdered by the Nazis, has arrived safely in Canada with her children.

The Boys Club at Wesley Hall, Port Talbot, have rented an allotment to grow vegetables for old age pensioners.

The National Institute for the Blind have offered free scholarships at their Worcester and Chorleywood Colleges to a blinded Finnish boy and girl.

The Lifeboat Institution have received £50 from the 100 scholars of the Government School at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia.

A Mons Star stolen ten years ago has just been dug up on an allotment at Gillingham and claimed by the officer to whom it belonged, now fighting again.

The entire sugar exports of Australia, South Africa, Mauritius, Fiji, and the West Indies (about 1,750,000 tons) have been bought by Britain.

About 450 war service badges issued to the Lancashire and Yorkshire railwaymen during the last war have been collected as scrap metal.

Books and magazines for soldiers, sailors, and airmen may be handed in at most post offices and will be delivered free to a central depot.

The crew of a Norwegian ship which brought refugees from Belgium to London asked that money should be given for relief in Norway instead of their own entertainment.

The workers of two French factories have given a day's pay to aid national defence.

Farmer George of Chelsfield in Kent has lent the Government £2000 free of interest for the duration of the war.

All signposts that are likely to be of use to an enemy landing in this country have been taken down.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Guides of the 4th Tollington (North London) Company made £18 at a Jumble Sale, and £10 has been sent toward the cost of a recreation hut for the B.E.F.

Many thousands of pounds have reached Guide Headquarters for the Gift Week Fund, and the money is still coming in.

To help the Gift Week Scheme a Guide visited her local police station every day for a week and cleaned the sergeant's boots.

Tavistock Scouts found deeds of local premises among their waste-paper collection the other day; the deeds bore the signature and seal of a former Duke of Bedford and were of historical value.

Since 1910, when the Handbook of the Boy Scouts of America was first published, more than six million copies have been sold; only the Bible has exceeded its sale in the United States.

Scouts of Picton, Nova Scotia, have been presented with the flagpole from which the Royal Standard flew during the visit of the King and Queen last year.

An Empire Man Beloved

WE were telling in the C.N. the other day some stories of Sir Hubert Murray, "the Man who made Papua."

Here is one more story sent us by the Editor of the Papuan Villager, a magazine in simple English for the natives.

In a hill village in the Abau district the Editor once met a friendly old native who owned a better umbrella than any other in the country. His name was Aiva, and in his youth he had killed five people, crimes which the Governor had punished with many years in prison.

Now a reformed character, Aiva was noticed by the Governor on a visit of inspection to Abau. It was very wet and Aiva looked very miserable. "Hulla, Aiva; you look very wet," said Sir Hubert. "Yes," said Aiva, "because I've got no umbrella."

"Here you are, then, take mine," said the Governor, and Aiva took it.

It was by such kindly acts that the Governor won the love of his people, who called him Judge Murray to the end. They realised that he cared for them even when he must punish them. He would always give a hearing to the

humblest native, a practice which the villagers of Haimabada recorded in the following Address to him:

Our Governor. We people of Papua all know that you complete thirty years as Governor of Papua. During all those years we have seen your good works, and all the helpful things you have done. When we have come to speak to you, you have not closed your ears nor have you frowned on us, but have received us, and listened to us, and taken action for us. We have seen all the good things you have done, and our happiness is great because of you. Therefore we all beg of you not to leave us, but to stay here as our Governor for years to come. For we know you and how you have led us into the ways of your laws, treating white people and ourselves just the same. We know that you love us well, and we are full of love for you, Our Governor.

Sir Hubert replied quite simply to this touching speech, "You need not be afraid that I am going to leave you; I am going to die here." So he did, deeply mourned by the Empire he served so well. The great pioneer died among his people and is buried in their capital, Port Moresby.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Coastguard. After 17 years under the Board of Trade this force of about 3000 men has been transferred to the Navy, from which all its members are recruited. Originally raised to prevent smuggling, the coastguards now man signal stations, report the movements of warships and help vessels in distress, and enforce laws relating to fisheries and wild birds.

Curfew. This is the term for a regulation compelling aliens and others to keep within their homes during the night. The word is from the French meaning "Cover fire," and in olden days a bell was rung as a signal for people to put out their fires and go to bed.

Dégringolade. This very expressive French word means tumble or downfall; it has been used for the dismissal of the French Generals who failed at a critical hour.

Saccharin. This is a crystalline compound prepared from coal-tar. It is from 300 to 500 times sweeter than sugar and is used for sweetening aerated drinks and by people to whom sugar is injurious.

The Over-Forties

It is naturally true that men become less fitted for work as they grow older, and age has much to do with the unemployment problem. The war is reducing the number of the out-of-works, but we shall do well to consider facts brought out by the Ministry of Labour relating to age and occupation.

There were 631,464 males wholly unemployed in the middle of March this year. These were found to be mainly men over forty, thus:

18 to 39	255,298
40 and over	376,166

Thus, about two-thirds were over 40, and of these 266,154 were over 50!

War work is now easing the lot of many of these; let us hope that when peace comes the case of men over 40 will have special care.

A Word From General Weygand

General Weygand is a man of few words, and fewer still get into the newspapers. But the Editor of the Paris Soir tells us what he said while flying over the lines to the headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force before the retreat to Dunkirk began. The Germans fired on his plane and he had more than one narrow escape. The pilot commented on the tracer bullets that were singing past. General Weygand replied, "Well, they must go somewhere." That was all.

STORY

A man we have heard of was going home in the blackout hours.

Tired after working late at the office, the citizen of no mean city kicked a metallic object, and after groping on the wet pavement picked up a bunch of keys. At first he was tempted to drop them where he had found them, but the realisation that whoever had lost the keys might be locked out prompted him to turn aside and hurry to the police station, where he handed them over.

That done, he made all possible speed for home, reaching his own front door after a long tramp in the rain. He shivered as he bent before the wind, yet his heart was glad, for had he not done his good deed?

He put his hand into his pocket for his keys and discovered there nothing but a hole! Then he tramped back to the police station and recovered his keys!

Friends of the Harvest

Those who love birds (and who does not?) welcome every evidence that members of the feathered tribe are not the enemies of the harvest.

Are Rooks and Sparrows destroyers of crops or do they protect them? The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is at loggerheads with the War Agricultural Committees on this question.

The society holds that the damage done in the fields by rooks and sparrows is insignificant compared with the havoc wrought by the insects on which the birds also feed. It is alleged that during the Great War there was a plague of caterpillars which did great damage and which was due to the wholesale shooting of rooks and sparrows.

The rook can certainly be claimed as a friend of the farmer. Its consumption of insects is enormous and far outweighs its raids on crops. The same is true, the society says, of the sparrow.

On the other hand, the wood-pigeon is admittedly a foe to corn.

THINGS SEEN

From the Kent coast.
Flashes of gunfire on the battlefield.

People having tea watching stags in Battersea Park within two miles of Westminster Abbey.

Souvenir mines from the last war carried from Bournemouth Cliffs as waste metal.

A wren's nest in an air-raid shelter at Bournemouth.

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The Children's Newspaper

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Hidden in the Trees

A THOUSAND tons of old iron has been obtained by pulling down the railings of London parks.

One of our correspondents tells us the story of the pulling down of railings in Hyde Park long ago. They were round a tree which had been growing since the time of the Tudors, and a keeper was startled to find that the trunk was hollow and had been regularly used for human occupation.

The tenant was absent, but there were his belongings—not the sorry possessions of a tramp, but pyjamas and other garments, all of excellent materials. The keeper wrapped up the clothes and placed them in official keeping in the expectation that the man would call and reclaim them, but he never did call.

THE DOCTOR BY THE SEA

In these days when so many of our doctors have gone to the front, or are working night and day in the military hospitals, we may think of the splendid work done out of the limelight by doctors on the coast.

One we hear of has been out with the Deal lifeboat a hundred times in the last six months. He is not one of the crew but must be ready to go at an instant's call; the worse the weather the more urgent the need. Clad for the grim job, case in hand, he goes to save a life at the great risk of losing his own.

HARRY GOES OUT TO DINE

This story is sent to us by a North of England correspondent.

Miss Fanny lives in a small house. Her garden, her dog, her old china are the most important things in her life, and have been, one might think, for over sixty years.

Her companion says she does not know how Miss Fanny keeps alive, she eats so little; yet three days a week a hot dinner is served at noon, and Miss Fanny sits down to quite a substantial meal, which she shares with Harry, a growing boy of thirteen.

His father has been out of work, and Harry is one of five children, so Miss Fanny has invited him to dinner on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays during wartime.

A STAMP FOR TUSKEGEE

America has chosen to honour one of the greatest of her citizens by issuing a stamp to the memory of Booker Washington, founder of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. In the half-century of its existence this training-school for Negroes has awarded its diploma to over 20,000 Negroes, besides offering a suitable environment for research work such as that carried on for 40 years by George Washington Carver, the agricultural chemist who has done so much to find new uses for the peanut and the sweet potato.

Tuskegee has sought always to educate its students for practical life, specialising in agriculture, industrial training, and the social sciences. It has been the biggest single factor in America for improving the status of the Negro.

Looking Round in Tasmania

Five C N readers have been on a holiday in Tasmania, and they send us these notes of things they saw and heard.

OLD stone homes where families have lived from generation to generation, and a wealth of English trees about them.

Miles and miles of hawthorn hedges in bloom.

The delight of everybody at the decision of a much loved Governor and his wife to stay on.

The great beauty of the city of Hobart, where all banks and

Alarmed, presumably, that his secret had been discovered, he was careful not to make himself known to the authorities.

A discovery even more surprising came to light in Regent's Park when two St John's Wood school-boys, finding a hollow oak in the park with what looked to them like a sentry-box entrance, decided to explore the interior.

To their astonishment they found a box, and in the box 12 valuable rings, wedged in a crack inside the tree. This was a matter not for keepers but for the Law, and the sequel was told in the police court, where it was proved that the rings formed part of the proceeds of a burglary at a jeweller's in Bond Street.

THE UNDAUNTED SAILOR LAD

The Toc-H Clubs at our seaports are proving towers of strength to the young lads who use them. Here is the record of a hero of 16 from Southampton.

He joined his first ship last July. She was sunk by a submarine in September, the lad being landed in a South American port, and then brought back to Southampton. In December the lad joined another ship which was mined in January. In February he was off to sea again in his third ship.

It is unquenchable courage such as this that inspires Mr E. H. Clark, the Toc-H Warden at Southampton, to write to us:

In the passion for adventure the pulse of energy runs like a scarlet thread through the whole British merchant navy.

ACROSS 2000 YEARS

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun, and the truth of it comes home to us when we find an ancient Roman talking of something with which we are all familiar.

The Roman was Sextus Propertius, who lived a few years before Christ. A friend of Virgil and Ovid, he wrote passionate verse, and also stories and history; and among much that has come down to us from his day is a letter supposed to have been written by a young bride to her husband, a soldier fighting with the legions on the Eastern Front.

It is odd to come upon a reference in this letter to the way in which the young lady spent her evenings, for Propertius imagines her saying: "I have many things to see to, and on winter nights I am busy making woollies for the men in the trenches."

Somehow this imaginary Roman lady seems to stretch out a hand to the millions of women whose needles are never still today.

WASTE IN THE POST

Not a day too soon, the use of paper for circulars, contents bills, wrappings, and so on is to be drastically restricted. At last we may hope that the post will not be loaded with millions of pounds of wasted paper; it was a waste bad enough in peace; in war it is intolerable.

offices and all shops except fruiterers; are closed all Saturday.

Not a single tooting of a motor-horn was heard in Hobart.

Church unity is practised in a remarkable way among all denominations.

The unfavourable impression our correspondents received was that the drink laws are loosely administered, and that the public is indifferent to such a state of affairs; and that the university, one of the best in Australia, suffers from a lack of public benefactors.

A TALE FROM THE BUSH

A C N reader sends us this little tale from New South Wales.

Not long ago a group of policemen, ambulance men, and members of the Bush Rescue Club were fighting their way through bush-fires near Katoomba to rescue three men stranded on Mount Solitary.

It happened that the men had set out on a walking tour three days before. All had gone well until one of the party, a visitor from Ceylon, collapsed with malaria. One man walked to Katoomba for help, while the other two stayed with the sick man, who in his delirium called constantly for water. So one of the men, Frank English, walked to the nearest creek, five miles away, to get water. Twice during the night this brave man made the hazardous journey, and the sick man was kept alive till the rescue party came.

A R P

There is always something to laugh at, even in these days.

We hear that in a big hotel in Scotland guests are invited to read the typed sheets of A R P instructions placed in the lounges, and we imagine that they cannot help smiling when they read the last paragraph, which runs:

Dining-room customers who wish to go to the shelter should tell their waiter, who will present their bill immediately.

WHAT ABOUT THE BLACKBERRIES?

The making of jam and other fruit preserves at home depends on the sugar supply, and the Food Ministry has allowed special applications to be made for sugar by housewives, but only for the preservation of home-grown fruit. Moreover, apples are barred.

It must be recognised that sugar is the deciding factor and that the Ministry of Food knows from the Ministry of Shipping what sugar we can bring in. That said, is it really wise to prevent people from preserving at home their apples and any blackberries they can gather? Blackberries grow wild throughout the country and they can be made into delicious preserves.

Smith Minor sends his compliments to the Minister of Food, and hopes he will be able to relent.

80 ROOTS IN A CUBIC INCH

Grasses of every kind bind together the soil on which they grow, and Dr Harvard Dittmer of Chicago has made a lengthy study of the way plants and grasses fight for life. He has examined the average roots they thrust down into the top six inches of the soil. The soybean is at the bottom of the scale, but in every cubic inch it thrusts down 80 roots. The Kentucky blue grass is at the top and puts down 200. That is a binder indeed, and there would be no Dust Bowl caused by soil erosion in America if the blue grass could be made to spread.

ALL DEVON IN ONE VOLUME

Arthur Mee's Devon. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s 6d

Easily the most impressive of the other books in front of the reviewer is Arthur Mee's unique and triumphant Devon.

Guide-books come and guide-books go, but this book, being not merely Guide but much more Philosopher and Friend, will go on for ever. It is hardly likely to be allowed ever to go out of print, for it is improbable that it will ever be excelled or so improved upon as to make its currency unnecessary.

Was there ever a better half-guinea's-worth sent out from the printing press?

North Devon Journal



A donkey ride at the London Zoo

KEEPING PROFIT DOWN IN WARTIME

'One of the many unfortunate accompaniments of war is the levying of war profit through war prices, which is a form of private taxation.

War creates scarcity, and when goods are scarce prices rise through the competition of buyers to get what goods are available. And, curiously enough, at the very time when people should be seeking to help each other they are tempted to take advantage of necessity by putting up prices unduly.

Now that the Government is deliberately seeking to cut down home supplies (so that we may increase exports to pay for necessary war imports) a new form of home scarcity is arising, specially created by urgent national needs. This would lead to very high prices if not prevented by the Government, and the Government has therefore made a new order to limit profit and price. Manufacturers, wholesale merchants, and shopkeepers are all alike denied profit greater than they made on August 21, 1939.

Suppose a suit of clothes was sold last August at a price yielding a profit of £1. No matter how much the cost of manufacture rises, the profit in selling it must not now exceed £1.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow endive, and transplant leeks that were sown in March. Continue sowing and planting out successions of lettuce; water frequently in dry weather.

Hoe and thin early-sown crops of onions, and encourage growth by watering and stirring the soil about them occasionally.

Herbaceous borders will need much care, as a number of plants will require staking, and others cutting down as they cease flowering, to make room for others to spread.

NEWS FROM AN OLD MINE

The people of Albuquerque in New Mexico have become very hard to please since they started going to concerts in an old Spanish gold mine.

The rich San Pedro mine, which has been idle for many years, echoed with the strains of Mendelssohn's Fingal's Cave the other night, and the audience of 200, who had to make their way a quarter of a mile under the mountains to reach the cave, were pleasantly surprised with their surroundings. The atmosphere was not at all damp, and the acoustics were perfect.

Optical Illusion

WHEN we were very young we learned by experience to guess the size of an object and its distance, and we learned that it appears smaller as the distance increases.

We cannot tell the size of the moon because we have nothing to compare it with, and therefore it looks larger when seen through the branches of a tree than when high up and solitary in the heavens.

The reverse of this experience is observable in an optical illusion mentioned by Professor Richard Sutton of Haverford. Look for ten seconds at the filament of an electric

bulb and then shut your eyes, and an after-image of the glowing filament will appear and last for a minute whether your eyes are open or shut.

It may be followed about a room and will appear as a large object on a distant wall, and a small one on a piece of paper close at hand. The increase in size can be plainly noted on your finger-tip as you move it farther away. The farther away the bigger, which reverses childhood experience that the farther away from the eye the smaller an object appears.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



From Flanders Fields the Poppies Go

FLANDERS poppies are disappearing from Flanders Fields, and we are glad we have one safely kept in a cabinet, pulled in the last war near the trenches.

They sprang up when Belgium was ravaged then, and the fields were ploughed up by shell fire and the chalky soil exposed. As the fields recovered, the poppies (flowers of Remembrance Day) disappeared. It is a strange coincidence that this disappearance should seem to have heralded the withdrawal from this second war in Flanders of the Belgian forces which had fought so heroically for freedom.

Perhaps the poppies of Flanders Fields could not stay to endure the tragic bitterness of the act of the Belgian King.

AWAKENING

It is one of the most uplifting facts in the news of these days that more and more the Americas (and not the United States alone but the other 20 Americas) are realising that the Allies are their first line of defence and that help must be given to them in every way short of going to war.

For this awakening all free men everywhere must give thanks.

All the News 100 Years Ago

Those who doubt if the world is better than it used to be may like to have this little witness which we have just discovered in the Sunday Times of a hundred years ago.

It is an advertisement of a new penny paper which was called Life in London, and this is how it describes the contents of Number One and Number Two.

The best Newspaper contains all the sporting of the week, also awful pictures of life in the mad-houses, gambling-houses, gaols, prisons, gin palaces, station-houses, nunneries, &c.; with lives of housebreakers, smugglers, convicts, paupers, outlaws, bandits, beggars, blacklegs, &c., in addition to cases of poisoning, forgery, robbery, executions, murders, beheading, &c.*

As if to show that the paper was quite respectable the advertisement ended with these five words: "Mark—no slander, no scandal."

Under the Editor's Table

NERVOUS people can't walk straight in the Blackout. It gives them a turn.

WHEN you ask for a telephone number be sure the operator has the right place in her mind. And her mind in the right place.

ANCIENT designs for parachutes have been discovered. They have come down to us.

PARK railings are being used for the war. Another sign that Hitler must keep off the grass.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



How to keep half awake in sleeping quarters

MORE cars are being run on electricity. Safer to keep to the roads.

RATIONING has been introduced into Japan. They are afraid of getting fed up with the war.

A FACTORY hand says he never speaks at work. A reserved occupation.

FRUIT-EATERS are said to be good tempered. Unless they get the pip.

THE Government controls all the means of transport. Means to take Hitler for a ride.

Looking Like Gentlemen

THIS story comes from the East Coast concerning the crew of a trawler who saved some German airmen from the sea.

They took them on board, gave them hot food, stripped them of their wet clothes and wrapped them in warm blankets while the clothes were dried. A member of the crew was heard to say that "then they went ashore looking like gentlemen!"

10 COMMANDMENTS

Do not grumble about wartime inconveniences. Think of what our men are enduring.

Do not get depressed, but if you must do not depress others.

Do not believe rumours, or spread them.

Do not gossip about naval, military, or air matters.

Do not buy anything you can do without.

Store coal in summer if space permits.

Save all you can.

Do not waste food, paper, metal, or rags.

Remember what has happened to the Austrians, Czechs, Poles, Jews, Finns, Danes, Norwegians, Belgians, and Dutch.

Keep bitterness out of your heart, and live so that you may be ready for peace when it comes.

Dawn Will Come

It is midnight now in Europe, But soon the dawn will break, And light will shine in Europe, And love and life awake! H. L. G.

SISU

THE Finns have shown us how to overcome the unsurmountable, and our men are proving apt followers.

When a Finn is at bay he uses the word Sisú, which seems to mean a bracing of his powers to go just one better. He nerves himself to do the impossible. He says, "Sisú comes miraculously to men in times of stress."

A proverb current in Finland says God made time but man made haste. We are all saying Sisú whether we know it or not, and we endure without fear, but with steadfast hope.

JUST AN IDEA

Let us never be content with what we can do; let us go one better.

THE SLEEPLESS ARMY

THE men who held the Pass to Dunkirk, of whom a quarter of a million were snatched from the German threat of annihilation, had to defy Nature herself in order to fight on.

Nature demands that rest, sleep and total unconsciousness should follow even quiet days; still more essential are they in times of stress.

Plants sleep, fish snooze open-eyed at night, domestic animals lie inert from dusk to dawn. The night birds, like the beasts that seek their prey under cover of darkness, take their rest by day. Trees pass the whole winter in a sleep that seems the stillness of death, reptiles and many kinds of mammals hibernate from autumn to spring. So Nature permits rest and recuperation to a myriad forms of life.

But these soldiers of ours, fighting and marching, marching and fighting, sometimes foodless, often parched with thirst, bore their unparalleled ordeal throughout a campaign, sleepless. They rose superior to the imperious dictates of Nature to lie down and sleep off the effects of privation and sheer exhaustion.

Day after day and night after night, bombed, shelled, machine-gunned, they were cut off from any form of rest. Doctors would have said that effort so prolonged would be too great for the heart to endure; psychologists would say that the brain must become numbed and torpid by the excessive and unnatural tax upon its complex and delicate mechanism.

The answer of our heroic defenders of all three Services and of the civilians who helped in the rescue was, "We will not sleep, we will not relax, we will not weaken, we will not rest."

Paper Shortage

LOVELY and little

Do they appear,
Snowdrops and crocus,
First of the year.

Lovely and little,
Far, very far,
Out of the darkness
Glimmers a star.

Lovely and little,
Neat as a wren,
Shrunken in wartime,
Here's the C.N.

Roses are bigger,
But, in the cold,
Give me a snowdrop
Little and bold.

Eagles are bigger,
But give me the wren.
God speed you, little
Great-hearted C.N!

Janet Farwell

They Also Serve

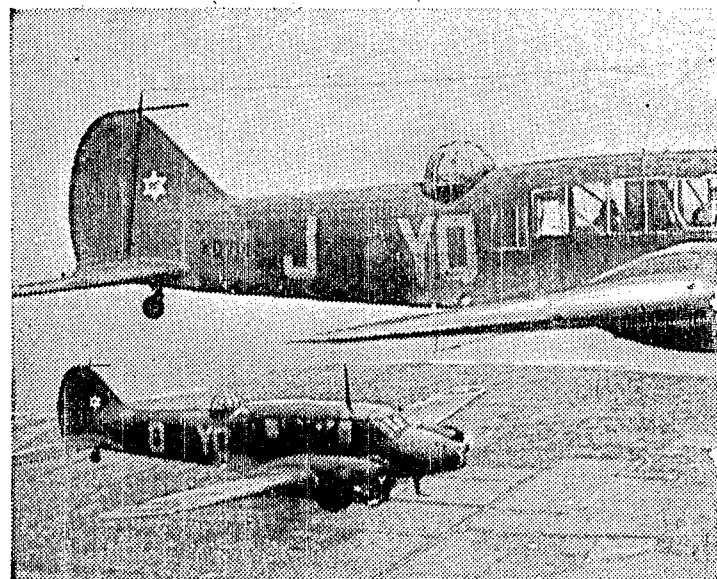
In these days when we need so much patience it is good to remember Milton's words on his own patience in his blindness.

God doth not need

Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best Bear His mild yoke they serve Him best. His state Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed

And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait.

Seven Invasio



Watchers over our coasts—Avro Ansons

We live with the possibility of another invasion of our islands, but we do not fear it. We have, at any rate, had seven invasions already in our long history.

FAR back in the mists of time came the first people to our island. No man can say how long ago it was; perhaps it may have been a thousand centuries.

We may be almost sure the first people came on foot long before there were islands at all. They would walk across the hills now drowned by the Straits of Dover. They would belong to some wandering prehistoric tribes of whom we have no record except a skull or two and a bone or two, found in the gravel laid down in our river beds. To them belonged, no doubt, the man of Galley Hill and that Piltown man who was here so long ago that it is possible the power of speech had not definitely developed in him.

Time passed away. Generations grew into centuries and centuries into ages; and for us it is all a long silence. We know nothing of what happened then; but during this vast space of time the sea broke through the Straits, and the next people who came found our land an island. They must have come in the first rude boats that ever reached these shores.

Before the Normans Came

In our ancient records we have witnesses of at least six movements of peoples that we may call invasions before the Normans came. It is useful to try to work them out, and when we do we find something like this interesting list.

About 37 centuries ago came the dark Iberians from Spain, the long-headed people who spread all over the islands and had some knowledge of iron.

About 31 centuries ago came the Goidels, the Celtic men of grey eyes and fair hair, who made slaves of the Iberians, and used them in the first forges set up in Britain.

About 25 centuries ago came the Brython branch of the Celtic race, the men from whom the island must have received its name of Britain.

About 21 centuries ago came the Celtic and Germanic race of the Belgae, the people to whom Julius Caesar referred as having invaded Britain "within living memory."

About 19 centuries ago came the Romans, first civilised invaders of our island, staying about 400 years.

About 15 centuries ago began that invasion of northern races which went on for two or three hundred years, with a blending of Jutes and Angles, Saxons and Danes.

Finally, in 1066, came the greatest and last of all the invasions, for then came the Norman, who left his mark on England for ever.

We come to the first definite races of people in Britain about the

time when Moses was leading the Children of Israel into their Promised Land. Shakespeare sang of this land that "never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror," but indeed our island has been well invaded. It would seem to be true that there is something in us yet of all these strangely-mingled peoples who loved our island well enough to make it home.

In old school books Aulus Plantius, a Roman general under Claudius, was given the honour of kicking off in the great national game of British history, but nearly a century ahead of Aulus Plantius Britain had suffered at least four invasions of which we can detect traces.

Joined to the Continent

Strange things have happened to Britain in the long-away past, such as we can now scarcely imagine. A great part of it was once as deeply covered with ice as Greenland now is, but before this change of temperature came, and the ice flowed, the heat was much greater than it now is, and animals lived of kinds that have since entirely disappeared, or are only found in tropical countries. Britain itself was joined to the Continent and men and animals could walk through forests now at the bottom of the North Sea.

In the farthest-off time that we can trace men in Britain they were the lowest form of savages, lurking in caves for shelter, feeding on shellfish, wild fruits, and such animals as they could kill with roughly-shaped stone weapons.

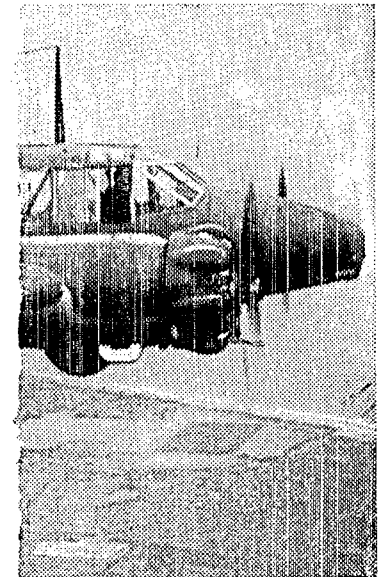
These men of the Old Stone Age have only been traced in southern Britain. If they reached the north they did not leave us signs of their presence. As the severity of the climate passed away, and life in Britain became more desirable, there began the first of our invasions.

The New Stone Age

Britain had been separated from the Continent by the sinking of the plain of what is now the North Sea and the inrush of the salt waters, and probably the invaders came by boats, for they were in advance of the primitive men who for ages had found a precarious living here.

The newcomers would have no difficulty in conquering the land. They were a long-headed race, not tall, and of dark complexion. They had begun to keep domestic cattle and knew how to spin and weave; but their tools and weapons were either shaped and polished stones or picks made from the antlers of deer. They spread over England, Wales, and Scotland, and reached Ireland. They buried their dead in long oval barrows; and left with them weapons and implements for

ns of England



of the RAF

use in the next world. These men of the New Stone Age were no doubt long in the land, and to them we owe probably a great proportion of the strain of dark people still found among us. This invasion is supposed to have come from Spain, and has been given the name Iberian.

We know how, in far later periods, hordes of Saxons and Danes poured into the country, wave after wave, and no doubt it was the same in those early days with the New Stone Age invaders. Certainly it was the same when there began the Celtic invasions which gave to our island the languages that were being spoken when the Romans came, and are still being spoken by many descendants of these early invaders in Wales, the western Highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland.

The invasions of the British Isles by successive branches of the Celtic family covered probably well over a thousand years, and the influence of this strain in the British people has not been fully recognised. Indeed, it is most likely that all the races which have existed in these islands have continued, though more or less disguised by intermarriage, and the idea of one race being superseded by another race cannot reasonably be held.

Britain's First Celts

The first comers of the Celtic race were Gauls. The true Celts of the Alpine race were tall compared with the earlier inhabitants of the British Islands, fair-haired, with blue or grey eyes and round heads.

They brought with them bronze weapons and tools, which gave them victory over the Stone Age races everywhere. Probably about 1200 B.C. a wave of these handsome and clever warriors reached Ireland, passed through South Wales, and, following the western coast, spread broadly over Britain and settled in strong force in Scotland. We know from the continued presence of dark races in all the regions most strongly occupied by the Gauls that they did not exterminate the earlier inhabitants, but probably only became a ruling part of the community.

It required further invasions and hundreds of years of Celtic settlement to give Britain the type of people it had when the Romans arrived. About 600 B.C. large numbers of the Kimri branch of the Celts, a tall, fair, blue-eyed, and long-headed race, began to invade Gaul from over the Rhine, and, passing on under the name of Brythons, occupied the north-west corner of France and gained at last a firm hold of the island. Their means for victory and supremacy was that they brought with them

the iron work which the genius of the race had developed on the Continent, useful for war and industry. The language of the Brythons and the Gauls had now varied considerably under the influence of time and distance, and the Britons gave their language not only to French Brittany but to England and Wales.

The civilisations of the Gauls and Brythons were progressively much in advance of what had been attained in New Stone Age times, and they were strengthened by numerous friendly additions from the Belgae, more northerly tribes of Celtic origin from over the Rhine, who freely settled in southern Britain in the two centuries before the Christian Era.

The Warlike Northerners

Thus, at the time when written history begins with the advent of the Romans, we see that in the various parts of the British Islands there had been for many centuries a gradual mixture of the men of the Stone Age over a long period, and in the Bronze and Iron Ages there had been a succession of varying Celtic strains who occupied the land. As new invaders came there was a marked tendency for the oldest comers to be living in the regions most remote from the Continent—in the farthest north, the farthest west, and the more inaccessible mountain districts.

All this happened before the time when historians begin the history of our land. No doubt in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, the movements of adventurous rovers from the Continent, continuing similar movements that had been taking place for 2000 years and more, brought in large numbers of the vigorous, warlike northern race. These tall, fierce fighting men would find it easy to occupy the southern downs and the central and eastern plains of England, where nearly 400 years of peaceful Roman rule had tamed and civilised the more advanced of the race who arrived long before, though on the northern and western borders the earlier comers were still proud of their freedom, and held together by the use of their ancestral language.

The severity of the different waves of conquest is no doubt marked out with some exactness by the way in which the language of the invaders superseded the tongues they found in common use. Especially is this seen in the naming of places, mountains, and rivers—always a most tenacious form of language. The governing race, whatever it might be, had a strong temporary influence, but unless its power was long continued the older names came back.

The Saxon English

The Romans were only small in numbers, but their hold of the land was firm, and later swarms of alien conquerors did not entirely blot out the Roman influence which had grown up through 400 years.

The Norman invasion was actually only the last of a series, and, even with the aid of writing and an all-pervading social influence, it could only modify the common tongue, to which at last it succumbed, not being able to conquer it. Thus the wide prevalence of Saxon English in the south, modified strongly elsewhere by Danish, tells a significant story of the strength of the 500-year invasion of the northern races. England and southern Scotland are predominantly northern in race as well as language, but even where what is called the Anglo-Saxon strain is in fullest possession there are signs that the older invading races remained to some extent. Our islands are what they are by virtue of the ancient Celtic invasions almost as much as by the invasions of Jutes and Angles, Saxons and Danes and Normans. Like Ulysses, we are a part of all that we have met.

C N CALLING

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. Balzac

Does the Road Wind Uphill All the Way?

DOES the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then I must knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti

A WORD FROM MACAULAY

I WOULD never make offensive war. I would never offer to any other Power a provocation which might be a fair ground for war. But I never would abstain from doing what I had clear right to do because a neighbour chooses to threaten me with an unjust war; first, because I believe that such a policy would in the end inevitably produce war, and secondly, because I think war, though a very great evil, by no means so great an evil as national humiliation.

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fiends,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!
Arthur Hugh Clough

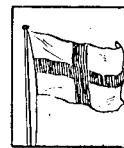
Proverbs of Solomon

POVERTY and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction, but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

FOR MANKIND

NO man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind. Phillips Brooks



CARRY ON

England, My England

WHAT have I done for you, England, my England?
What is there I would not do, England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear,
As the song on your bugles blown, England:
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun, England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done, England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown, England:
Down the years on your bugles blown!

Ever the faith endures, England, my England!
Take and break us—we are yours, England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high

Between English earth and sky;
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown, England:
To the stars on your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard, England, my England;
You with worlds to watch and ward, England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies.
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the song on your bugles blown, England:
Round the pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships whose might, England, my England,
Is the fierce old sea's delight, England, my own!
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the word
In the song on your bugles blown, England:
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley

COURAGE, O DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air. Adelaide Anne Procter

Lord of the Realms of Boundless Space

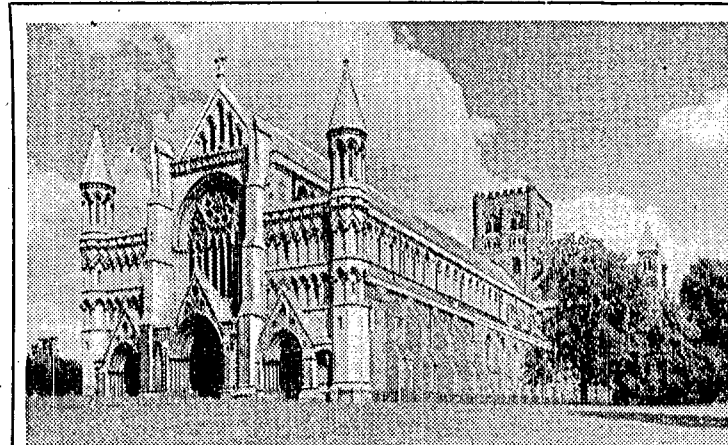
LORD of the realms of boundless space,
Who set the firmament in place,
Who to their course the planets holds,
And heaven's high majesty unfolds,
Come what, come may of hap or chance,
Thou art our sure deliverance.

With Christ as Pilot by our side
We fear no ill whate'er betide;
Around, above, beneath, Thine arms
Will hold us safe from all alarms,
And since on Thee our souls rely,
Nobly we'll live—or nobly die.

If unto Thee upon Thy throne
The sparrow's fall is surely known,
To us in our supremest hour
Will come the uplift of Thy power.
Our knightly vows we here renew:
Keep us in all things brave and true.

Clearer than most to us is given
To bear us as true knights of Heaven;
We'll loyal live, or loyal die,
The very flower of chivalry.
O Saviour Christ, our Pilot be
Through Time into Eternity.

W. T. Money and John Oxenham



St Albans Cathedral was built largely by the Normans in the 11th century with material from the ruins of the old Roman city of Verulamium. It is 550 feet long, second only to Winchester in length, and stands at a greater height above the sea than any other English cathedral.

Free Food For All PARACHUTISTS

We are all interested as never before in producing food. Countless gardens are given over to raising vegetables, and allotments have come into being in all kinds of unexpected places. The truth is, however, that the countryside is rich in plants that are good to eat; and we give here a short list of some of these wild foods that are ours for the gathering.



A kitchen window in Kent

Arrowhead. The bulb-like roots are excellent boiled.

Beaked Parsley. A good pot-herb.
Beech Nuts. Roasted and ground, the nuts are a substitute for coffee. Dried and ground into flour, a fine oil can be pressed out.

Bilberry. Its fruit makes delicious tarts. Boiled with honey and sugar it makes good jam.

Bistort. The leaves may be boiled like cabbage, and the root steeped in water and roasted is a good food.

Bitter Vetch. The tubers are very nutritious and may be eaten raw, boiled, or roasted; they can also be ground into flour.

Bladder Campion. Boiled young shoots are very nourishing.

Bracken. Young fronds may be boiled like spinach, the root-stocks roasted, or ground for bread.

Bullace. The fruit can be made into jam.

Caraway. Leaves may be used for pot-herb or salad, roots eaten like parsnips, and the seeds used for flavouring.

Carrageen Moss. When boiled down it gives gelatine for jelly.

Chickweed. An agreeable and wholesome vegetable, tasting like spinach when boiled.

Chives. Leaves used for flavouring soups and salads.

Cloudberry. Fruit good for preserving, and much liked eaten with sugar and cream.

Common Sorrel. Leaves may be used in salads, or boiled as a pot-herb.

Coriander. Seeds may be used for flavouring plain cakes, and in bread.
Corn Salad. This plant makes an excellent salad.

Couch Grass. Its roots contain starch and sugar, and bread can be made from them.

Cowberry. Fruit excellent for tarts and jellies.

Crab Apple. Excellent for making jelly.

Dandelion. Leaves may be boiled and eaten like spinach; young leaves are used for salads.

Early Purple Orchis. The new tubers, scalded, and the outer skin rubbed off, should be baked until horny, or boiled in milk and water.

Field Garlic. Young leaves may be used for flavouring soups and stews, or fried with other herbs and eaten with steak.

Funnel Mushroom. Of good flavour if stewed long in closed vessel.

Garlic Mustard. Young leaves may be used in salads, fried with bacon, or boiled.

Good King Henry. Can be boiled as a vegetable, or the young shoots peeled and dressed like asparagus for soups and stews.

Goosefoot. Leaves make good green vegetable.

Hairy Bittercress. The leaves make an excellent salad.

Hedgehog Mushroom. Raw slices may be used for stews or for sandwiches.

Hop. The young shoots, when boiled, are excellent as a vegetable.

Ivory Cap. When fried it is excellent with bacon.

Ivy-Leaved Toadflax (Mother of Thousands). Leaves are good for salads.

Lady's Tresses. Remove the membrane from the mid-rib and boil till rather sweet.

Laminaria. Young leaves and stems may be boiled as a vegetable.

Monk's Rhubarb. This makes a very useful pot-herb.

Mulberry. Fruit makes good jam, or may be eaten raw.

Purple Laver. May be eaten as a vegetable, or pickled.

Rose Bay. Leaves make good vegetable boiled, and the suckers a good substitute for asparagus.

Salad Burnet. Leaves may be used for salads.

Salsify. The roots may be used in stews or eaten like parsnips, the young stalks like asparagus.

Sea Beet. Leaves may be used as a vegetable; the root is very woody.

Sea Lettuce. Should be washed and boiled like spinach.

Sea Radish. Seeds may be used as mustard.

Sea Sandwort. This plant is a good vegetable, and the leaves can be pickled.

Seakale. Cut the soft shoots in early spring and boil like asparagus. The leaves may be cooked like cabbage, and the peeled stalks cooked in soups.

Serrated Fucus. Can be boiled as a vegetable and eaten with meat and potatoes.

Service Tree. Berries palatable when mellowed by frost.

Spearmint. This plant is used as a pot-herb; the leaves are used for flavouring vegetables and chopped up in mint sauce.

Star of Bethlehem. The boiled bulbs make a palatable food.

Stone Bramble. Fruit may be preserved or eaten raw.

Succory. This is the chicory plant. Its roots may be boiled like parsnips, or dried, roasted, and ground as coffee, and the leaves used for salads.

Truffle. May be kept in oil for flavouring or stuffing.

White Helvella. Can be dried and used for flavouring stews in winter.

Wild Asparagus. Stems of this plant are quite edible when boiled.

Wild Black Currant. Fruit may be cooked or eaten raw.

Wild Carrot. Foliage may be boiled as a vegetable, and the roots used as coffee substitute and for flavouring soups.

Wild Gooseberry. The fruit is good for jam or puddings.

Wild Parsnip. Roots sometimes roasted in place of coffee, or boiled to flavour soups.

Wild Radish. Seeds may be used as mustard.

Wild Red Currant. Fruit very good for jam or tarts.

Winter Cress. Can be boiled like cabbage, and the young leaves used for salad.

The Dandelion Led the Way

It was not man who invented the parachute. Dandelion seeds spread their parachutes long before we thought of putting the idea to some useful or mischievous purpose. The thistles also try to spread their seeds in the same way.

Many trees attach wings to their seeds, not to ensure landing without damage, but to travel farther before reaching the ground.

At this time of year oak woods are infested with little caterpillars descending at the end of fine threads from the trees. Fortunately birds, parents and youngsters, take up the story with a lot of noisy chattering, or there would be little left of the woods for us to enjoy.

However, the caterpillar plague is of short duration, and we must hope the corresponding epidemic among us of men descending from the skies will be equally short.

Obey or Die

As the parachutists of nature are utterly without choice of landing place, and are scattered without possibility of return, so the enemy parachutists are sent out blindly to do as much mischief as possible before they are killed or taken prisoner. They have no choice in the matter; it is obey or die.

Their arrival as a grave factor in war is almost miraculous. The dropping of an armed man from the skies was beyond the wildest dreams of Napoleon, Wellington, and other great captains of old; even the Gods of Olympus coming to earth to settle the disputes of men were lowered to the ancient Greek stage on a moving platform.

Hitler's parachutists, by the surprise of their arrival and the strength of their weapons, have contributed in no small degree to the conquest of Holland and to the difficulties of other countries where the battle is raging. Even to us they present a grave danger, and hundreds of thousands of men have enrolled to watch the skies for their attack.

It is the concentration of so much deadly power into a weight which one man can carry that has made the parachutist so terrible a foe, added to the fact that he can be dropped from a plane at night in a lonely spot, can jump on a folding bicycle which he has brought with him, and can speed to his quarry.

The Man From the Sky

He may carry a piece of high explosive to destroy a bridge or a building; or may bring an incendiary bomb or a tablet of poison gas in solid form. He is armed with a light machine-gun and may be equipped with wireless.

His parachute and his uniform may be so coloured as to be almost invisible as he floats to earth, or he may be disguised in the dress or uniform of the country he arrives in, and mingle with the people, spreading rumours and false news.

Parachutists arrived in sufficient numbers in Holland to seize bridges and aerodromes in the rear of the Dutch army and thus cause alarm and confusion, breaking the resistance. But the most dramatic of their surprises is said to have been the descent on one of the Liège forts to push bombs into the gun embrasures and ventilation shafts.

Finding a Plane 50 Miles Off

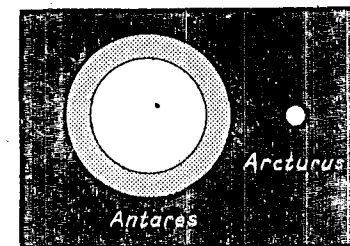
The detection of approaching aeroplanes is being rapidly developed. The latest report on the subject is from America, where it is said, the United States Army has devised a detector so sensitive that it can find a plane at a distance of over 50 miles; and thus give an attacked post a chance to get ready to defend. The invention is said to use electric waves and to be capable of operating successfully in darkness or fog.

Red Antares and Golden Arcturus A FORTNIGHT WITHOUT DARKNESS

THE little world of Mercury will continue visible in the north-west sky for the next fortnight, during which he will appear at his brightest and gradually pass from half-moon to crescent shape, writes the C.N. Astronomer. Venus, as stated in our last article, will have helped to locate Mercury during the last two weeks, but now that Venus is so near the horizon and visible for only about an hour after sunset her help, notwithstanding her brilliance, will speedily diminish until she vanishes from the evening sky after next week. At present Mercury is some way to the left of Venus and at a higher altitude so that he does not set until nearly two hours after the Sun.

There will be no darkness during the next fortnight, for in addition to the continuous twilight there will be moonlight, so only the brighter stars will be in evidence. Among the most interesting of these will be the reddish Antares, which is not far above the southern horizon, and the golden-tinted Arcturus, which will be found rather more than midway between the south-west horizon and overhead. As these are the two brightest stars in these regions they cannot be mistaken.

Antares and Arcturus are both giant stars compared with which our Sun is but a tiny pigmy. Moreover, Antares is a super-giant com-



The comparative sizes of Arcturus and Antares—on this scale our Sun would be invisible. The shaded ring round Antares shows the extent of this sun's periodic expansion.

pared with the great Arcturus, for though the diameter of Arcturus is 27 times greater than our Sun, that of Antares varies between 330 and 450 times greater. This is because Antares is subject to colossal expansive pulsations, as astronomers say; the vast aggregation of gaseous elements which compose Antares periodically expanding and contracting.

The expansion is produced by vast currents of whirling fire-mist and flame soaring upwards and outwards for many millions of miles and at terrific speed, then falling back again after this colossal expenditure of radiant energy. These whirling streams of fire-mist are, externally, aglow with the red-hot vapours of the elements similar to those we have on Earth, but in a vastly different condition, being, on the surface of Antares, at a temperature of some 3100 degrees Centigrade. This red-hot envelope of fire-mist, though far more attenuated than the air we breathe, gives Antares his reddish hue.

Why They Differ in Colour

Arcturus is even hotter, with a surface temperature averaging about 4200 degrees Centigrade, hence the different colour of the two stars, Arcturus being of a golden tint and actually brighter than Antares; but owing to the immensity of Antares this sun radiates about 3400 times more light than our Sun, whereas Arcturus radiates only about 100 times more. Arcturus appears so much brighter to us because it is so much nearer, this sun being about 41 light-years' journey distant compared with about 365 light-years for Antares.

Arcturus, like Antares, is also composed of highly rarefied fire-mist, so much so that, notwithstanding its immensity, it has only about eight times more material in it than has our little Sun; while the super-giant Antares has only about 30 times more material in its colossal sphere. G. F. M.

This Is The Way Victory Came

Madame Curie's daughter, who has just written for the Americans an account of how 21 million French women are facing the war, tells a story of what Madame Curie did 25 years ago.

In the summer heat of Paris in 1914 she, the discoverer of radium, found herself stranded in her laboratory, with all her colleagues gone to join their regiments, and nobody left with her but an aged mechanic and a woman cleaner.

Nevertheless a few days later she had switched her energies over to war. With the sure judgment of a scientist, she had realised a tragic gap in the organisation of the care for the wounded. There was no X-ray apparatus at the field or base hospitals.

Within a few hours she had drawn up a list of existing apparatus, made a round of the manufacturers, got together what X-ray machines were available, and enlisted volunteers to manipulate them. She equipped the first X-ray car and in August 1914 it was being driven from hospital to hospital and saving many lives.

Lift Up Your Eyes to the Hills

In a mountain camp in the north of England a group of working lads have been training their minds and bodies for a task vital for the future of our country.

Most of the leaders of our Boys Clubs having joined the Forces, new leaders have to be found and quickly trained for their responsibilities. The most promising members of the Clubs themselves

On Armistice Day Madame Curie's work could be summed up as follows.

She had equipped 20 X-ray cars, set up 200 X-ray posts in which one million wounded soldiers had been examined, organised classes in which 150 X-ray workers received instruction, and visited 300 military hospitals.

Then she stored in her garage her own X-ray apparatus, scarred and battered by four years of continuous service, and, seeking no recognition, went quietly back to her work in her beloved physics laboratory.

That, says Madame Curie's daughter, is the spirit in which the women of France are carrying on now, doing the work of the farm or of the fishermen, more than half of the postal service, keeping the country going for their men and for the future. She ends with another story of her mother, who kept in her pocket case, with her identification card, two little packets of garden seeds. She always carried them in expectation of the day when people would again want flowers.

have been selected and sent to this secret mountain camp, there to strengthen their bodies by rock-climbing and other exercises and to be taught those qualities of tact and self-discipline required by the responsible leaders of Clubs.

The slogan of the gathering is *Learn to Lead*, and the C.N. congratulates the National Association on this high enterprise.

TRAITOR

To the traitor Englishman whom we know as Lord Haw-Haw there have come many traitors to keep him company; in high places and low they rank in history with the Norwegian Quisling who betrayed his country, and the Austrian Seyss-Inquart who betrayed his, and now tramples down the Dutch people.

All these will live in the history of evil things with the traitor Benedict Arnold, the American who, trusted and honoured by George Washington, betrayed his country to an English spy who lies in Westminster Abbey.

Arnold escaped from his native land and came to Europe, despised by all mankind. Wherever he went three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart: *Arnold the Traitor*.

When he stood beside the king in the House of Lords a whisper crept through the thronged House, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur one venerable lord arose and said he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him while by his side stood *Arnold the Traitor*.

At the Theatre

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his face seen than the whole audience rose with the cry, *Arnold the Traitor*.

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion the liveried servant who ate his bread whispered in contempt to his fellow-lackey as he took his position in his master's carriage, *Arnold the Traitor*.

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in New Brunswick, his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouses were burned to ashes; the entire population of St John assembled in that British town, and in sight of his window hanged an effigy inscribed, *Arnold the Traitor*.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. All who belonged to the ranks of the aristocracy were in flight. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of his property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labour. "Is there any American gentleman staying here?" he asked the land-

lord of his hotel. "I am about to cross the water and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World." The landlord hesitated, and then said: "There is a gentleman upstairs, but whether American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who during his life was bishop, prince, prime minister, ascended the stairs, knocked at the stranger's door, and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; his mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and, under the impression that the man who sat before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.

"I am a wanderer—an exile (he said). I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may earn my bread. A gentleman like you must have many friends."

Not One Friend

The strange man rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, saying:

I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand and say I have not one friend, not one, in all America!

"Who are you?" cried the exile, as the strange man retreated. "Your name?"

My name is Benedict Arnold.

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words, *Arnold the Traitor!*

Thus he wandered over the earth, a Cain with the murderer's mark upon his brow. The manner of his death is not known, but we cannot doubt that he died friendless, that remorse pursued him to the grave, and that the memory of his treachery to his native land gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring: "True to your country, what might you not have been, oh, *Arnold the Traitor?*"

Television is Reaching Out

From the top of the television mast at Alexandra Palace it is possible to see between 30 and 40 miles, and that is nearly as far as the television pictures can be sent with certainty.

Electrical engineers in America have therefore been seeking a way of relaying the pictures. But it is impracticable to establish television networks using telephone land-lines as is done in sound broadcasting. The television waves are much too short. These waves of high frequency cannot be carried on wire lines of the usual design, and the only way has seemed to be to establish relay stations, where by employing a new kind of wireless valve, which can replenish itself with a stream of electrons from outside the main flow, the television signals can be renewed or reinforced, and sent on. There are many devices about the apparatus too intricate to be described, but the result has been that television pictures have been sent through relay stations to a distance of 250 miles from New York.

The Cat Next Door

For some time the mysterious disappearance of articles from her kitchen has been puzzling a C.N. reader in Exmouth. The culprit has now been discovered, and he is the Next-Door Cat.

The first article to be missed was a cardigan, which had been placed in a box while tea was being laid. The next day the manager of the dairy asked her neighbour if it was her cardigan she had found in the dairy. Next a dish cloth was missed, and a very precious one which had been knitted by a six-year-old niece was used in its place and hung up on the plate-rack to dry. In the morning it was nowhere to be found and, remembering the incident of the cardigan, our reader visited the dairy, where she found the missing things. The dairy cat had carried them off, but his reason for doing so remains a mystery, especially as to visit the kitchen he had to climb a high brick wall.

Queensland and the Queen of Birds

The agricultural experts in the Queensland Government are insisting that the ibis should be regarded with as much reverence as was the Sacred Ibis in Ancient Egypt. Both these long-billed birds, it has been proved, wage intensive war on the grasshopper plagues of early autumn.

The locusts of Egypt are a short-horned species of grasshopper, and there is little doubt that the wise priests prevented the bird's destruction because of the excellent work it did for agriculture.

Queensland has realised this too, and has included the ibis, with the turkey, crow, and starling, in the list of birds which are totally protected from the man with the gun.

So one of the most handsome of Australian birds (a queen of birds we may call it) will multiply and add to the value of the farmer's land at the same time.

Pit-Prop and Battleship

In days of old the New Forest was loved by the Norman Conqueror, who hunted the tall deer. In later days it furnished oak for many fine battleships bristling with guns that seem to us like toys. Today it is yielding loads of pit-props for our mines. Never before were such extensive depredations made in the New Forest, much of the essential character of which is being destroyed.

But our mines must have props to hold up the roofs of the workings, and as we are also short of steel metal props cannot be substituted.

NATURE'S REBEL SON

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. When we talked of the children of animals, you promised to tell me of human beings and their children; I mean about children perishing for lack of food.

Man. There is a very great difference between Animals and Mankind in this matter. Have you detected what it is?

Boy. I have been thinking it over, and what seems strange is that the animals lose nearly all their children while man keeps most of his alive.

Man. That is the great difference, and upon it the world of men is built. The Law of Nature condemns most animal children to death, but *Man, rebelling against Nature, will not let his children die!*

Boy. Isn't that wonderful? A man is not as strong as many of the animals, yet he is able to do what they cannot do!

Man. It is man's superb intelligence that enables him to use his little strength to do what even a powerful horse or a tiger or an elephant cannot do. He has the cunning to use Nature against herself. The bird sees in a seed only something to eat; the man sees in it something to be planted in tilled soil, so that the seeds produce a crop of food much bigger than the same piece of ground could produce naturally. He thus uses natural law and commands it to serve him. So by toil he gains a great harvest of food and is able to feed his children, while the bird cannot find enough food to maintain more than a few of its young.

Boy. Has mankind been always increasing, then?

Man. Yes, from the earliest known records men have increased on the earth, while native animals have either remained about the same in numbers or have even become extinct.

Paper Boy Calling

A C.N. reader in Toronto sends us this little story.

The other morning a timid knock was heard at the office door of a busy city law firm. The secretary who opened it was surprised to see a shabby boy standing there. She showed him inside and the lawyer, sitting at his desk, asked him what he wanted.

"Do you lend money here, Mister?" he inquired.

The man looked hard at his young client and was impressed with his clear steady eyes and dignified manner.

"We do sometimes—on good security," he replied, solemnly, and asked him what he wanted the money for. The lad explained that he sold newspapers, and that the opportunity had come along for him to buy another boy's paper business.

Boy. But surely there are more horses and cattle and sheep than of old?

Man. Yes, but that is because they have been domesticated by man and fed with food he has won by cultivating the soil. Because sheep are useful to him, for food and for wool, he plans to keep their young alive, just as he plans to keep his own children alive.

Boy. What, then, of sparrows, which do seem to increase?

Man. They do. The case of sparrows, like that of the rat and the mouse, is incidental. Because man grows big crops, he artificially and incidentally supplies sparrows with plenty of food. Because he builds towns and stores up food he helps the rat family to obtain the means to keep their young alive. Then he has to set to work to kill the vermin he himself has actually encouraged to exist!

Boy. How curious it all is! Does this keeping alive of children go far? Are there many creatures, big and little, which man has kept alive accidentally or incidentally by toil exerted to maintain his own children?

Man. Indeed there are. The Balance of Nature which we spoke of when we spoke of the birds is upset by man's rebellion against Nature. Man the Rebel makes plenty of mistakes in his clever work. But let us talk of that another day. In the meantime, think of man as a great adventurer, engineer, and inventor, full of courage and cunning, battling with heat and cold, storm and tempest, intent on earning a living; think of him as the tiny creature he is—so insignificant in size yet so mighty in endurance and endeavour. Thus thinking, we find much for admiration, much for pity, much for tears, much for hope.

But he hadn't quite enough money, and badly needed to borrow a few dollars.

The lawyer asked him what security he could offer, and the youngster fished in his pocket and took out a bit of cotton. Unwrapping it he produced a piece of paper. *It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of alcohol.* That it was the lad's most precious possession the lawyer had no doubt, and as he held it in his hand he knew that a young fellow who behaved like a man and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money was to be encouraged.

It was a smiling boy who walked out of the office a few minutes later with the precious dollars in his pocket. He was walking confidently toward a future where character is the greatest security in life.

A Quiet Little Place

The people of Darwin are still chuckling over this advertisement in their local paper not long ago:

Wanted to sell—well-stocked station property, quiet locality, running hot water, only fortnight from train. Owner leaving district, excellent opportunity for enterprising young man.

At first glance it seemed quite an ordinary advertisement—to anyone who did not know that the property was a buffalo shooter's lease in Arnhem Land. The district is indeed quiet (the nearest white man

is 100 miles away), but is considerably enlivened by aborigines, alligators, vicious ants, scorpions, and thousands of wild buffaloes. There is ample hot water, but it is the fetid Alligator River running past the homestead, and every now and then creeping right into it when it overflows its banks in flood-time!

The enterprising young man who is trying to sell this attractive property is now on his way to comparative peace and security in the Second Australian Expeditionary Force.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Twins Get a Fright

As the Twins ran down to the river they saw a jolly little rowboat lying by the landing-stage.

Jim jumped into it. And Judy followed.

"This is fine!" exclaimed Jim, jumping up and down to make it rock.

Judy began to jump up and down too; and suddenly they had a shock. They were moving slowly out into the middle of the stream!

The children stared at each other in dismay.

"Shall we be drowned?" asked Judy.

"No fear," answered Jim, looking round anxiously.

"Let's shout," suggested

Judy. And, both together, they cried, "Help! Help!"

Just then they caught sight of a man on the bank fishing. He jumped up when he heard their call, and, flinging down his line, he waded out into the stream, and caught the boat as it drifted past.

"What are you doing in my boat?" he asked.

"We only meant to sit in it for a bit," began Jim.

"And the rope came undone," put in Judy.

"And sent you adrift," finished the man. "Well, it was a silly thing to do," he added severely. "I wouldn't advise you to do it again."

And they never did.

MARIE
ELISABETH

**REALLY ARE
SARDINES!**

For hasty
breakfasts and
tasty teas.

THE BRAN TUB

He Did

JOHNNIE was reading aloud to his class when he came to a word he did not know.

"Barque," prompted the teacher. Johnnie looked confused.

"Barque, Johnnie," the teacher repeated impatiently.

Johnnie glanced nervously at his classmates, and then cried out "Bow-wow!"

One-Minute Problem

THIS may have no relation to the actual price of eggs today, but let us assume that the present price is increased by twopence a dozen, thereby giving one egg less for a shilling.

What is the present price?

Answer next week

A Meal In Sight

A CERTAIN young schoolboy of Thrusms

Was always exclaiming "Oh crumbs!"

Some birds, overhearing, Set up a great cheering,

And went off to fetch all their chums.

Four Rules

HE who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool: shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is ignorant: teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep: wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a wise man: follow him.

How Inigo Jones Wrote His Name

THE first great Renaissance architect of England was Inigo Jones, who built the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall and planned Greenwich Hospital. He died in London on June 21, 1652, after having devoted most of his life to making noble buildings. This is how he wrote his name:

Inigo Jones

Charade

MY first moves by, or, if you will,

It is a thrust or a defile.

My second is a place of ships—

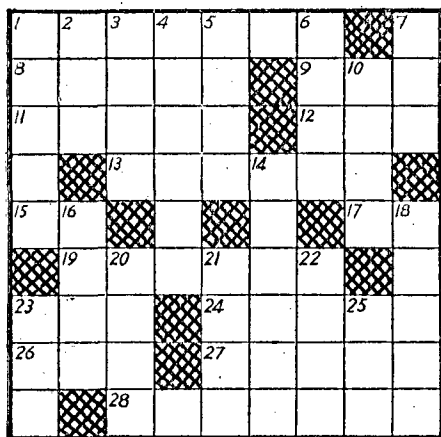
Their destination for a while.

My whole's a document you need

When out of Britain you proceed.

Answer next week

Half-Hour Cross Word



The asterisk indicates an abbreviation. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. The quality all must show to ensure victory. 8. A cloth made of flax. 9. Shelter. 11. A plea that an accused person was elsewhere when a crime was committed. 12. A toothed cutting tool. 13. Bank official who pays out money. 15. Child's name for mother. 17. Lieutenant. 19. That in which something is enclosed. 23. Portion of a curved line. 24. Extent of view. 26. A precious stone. 27. Leader of the Russian Revolution. 28. Came forth.

Reading Down. 1. To assert one's right to something. 2. An inflammable fluid. 3. One. 4. Those who revolt. 5. Shrub from which indigo is made. 6. Instead. 7. Not many. 10. Rank below that of marquis. 14. Soldier armed with a lance. 16. A measure of land. 18. To be inclined in a particular direction. 20. The highest culminating point. 21. Land surrounded by water. 22. This summons you to meals. 23. Period of time. 25. Disarranged type.

Pat's Wonderful Telescope

PAT told his friend that he had bought a telescope so powerful that it brought the church a mile away so near that he could hear the organ playing.

Better Than Gold

GOLD was the first metal that was worked by man for his uses. But it was not called a precious metal. That name was reserved by the Egyptians for iron, which was indeed called the heavenly metal, perhaps because the first iron was obtained from meteoric stones which came from the skies. It was not at first used for making weapons, though the first iron spearhead, found in Nubia, was perhaps as old as 2000 B.C. But hammered iron heads were found in a grave 3000 years older than that.

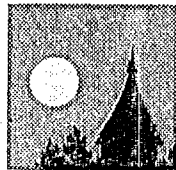
Salvage

A LITTLE girl had been watching a painter in an art gallery copying a masterpiece.

Finally she plucked up courage and asked, "Will you please give me the old one, sir, when the new one is finished?"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Mars, and Mercury are low in the north-west.



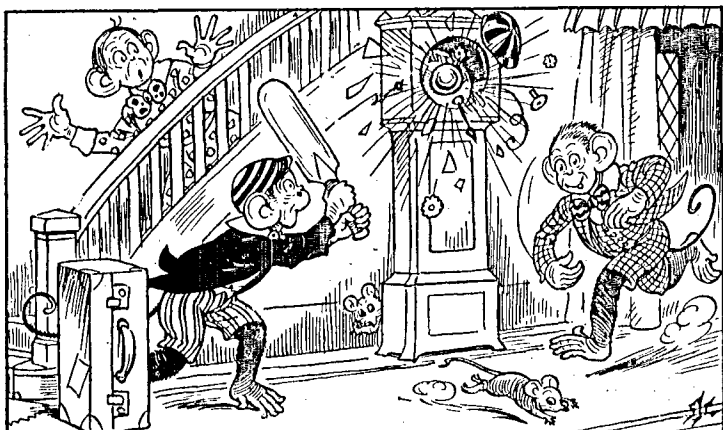
In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at

10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 19.

To the Chatterbugs

IF wisdom's way you wisely seek, Five things observe with care: Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

Jacko Hits Out



ONE wet day Jacko and Chimp were playing cricket in the hall. A whack from Jacko's bat sent the ball smashing into the grandfather's clock. "You bad boys!" cried Mother Jacko. "Now you'll not have your tea till the clock strikes six." "I shouldn't be surprised," murmured Jacko, "if the old clock hadn't struck for good."

The English Language

"I'm afraid I shall never understand your language," sighed a Frenchman in London.

"Why not?" asked his English friend. "You are doing very well."

"Well, what am I to make of this?" replied the Frenchman, showing his friend a paragraph in a newspaper which read:

If Mr Brown, who sits for this constituency, consents to stand again at the next election, he will probably have a walk-over.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Jackdaw, jay, knapweed, kingfisher, juniper, kestrel, jellyfish, kittiwake.

Riddle in Rhyme. The letter R. **Hidden Fish.** Roach, shad, cod, herring, turbot, barbel.

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

FRAME, PANDA, FACE—FRANCE.
11 4 9
6 8 10
7 12 5
Only the drawings numbered 2 and 3 are exactly alike.

Ici on Parle Français

The Wise Men

A Greek and a Venetian were quarrelling about the excellence of their countries. The Greek, in order to prove that his country excelled all others, said:

"But everybody knows that all the wise men and philosophers came out of Greece."

"That must be true," answered the Venetian, "for there are no more to be found there."

Les Sages

Un Grec et un Vénitien se disputaient sur la valeur de leur pays. A fin de prouver que le sien surpassait les autres le Grec dit:

"Mais tout le monde sait que tous les sages et les philosophes sortirent de la Grèce."

"Cela doit être vrai," reprit le Vénitien, "car on n'en trouve plus là-bas."

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia'.

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Whether their children

are at home or away, East End mothers are having a trying time. They need rest and change. So do many aged, worn-out men and women. Please help us as we confer these great benefits—THE REV. PERCY JESON,

EAST END MISSION,
Bromley Street, Commercial Road,
Stepney, E.1.

THE DOLL THAT CAME TO LIFE

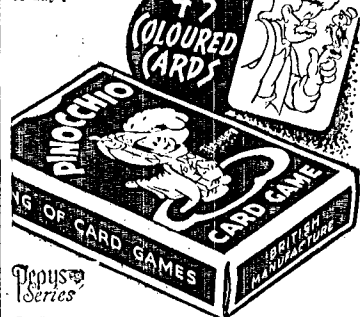
You must play

PINOCCHIO

The NEW
Walt Disney
CARD GAME

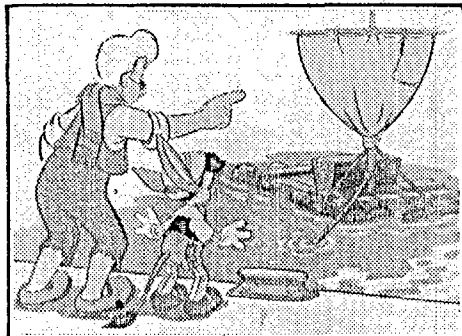
The game of "Pinocchio" is a worthy successor to "Snow White," with all its simplicity and charm. It is the ideal pastime for the home.

"Pinocchio" cards are superbly printed in FULL COLOURS and each one is different. Meet Pinocchio, Jiminy Cricket, Monstro, etc., to-day!



1/6
PER
PACK

By permission of Walt Disney-Mickey Mouse, Ltd. Every good stationer and store sells "Pinocchio." Published by Castell Bros., Ltd., London and Glasgow.



Three pictures from Walt Disney's coloured film cartoon of Pinocchio